Therapy

The Damned

Plug me in straight again
Who needs this voltage food
Who needs therapyWho needs this filthy room at night
Who says give up without a fight
Who gets their answers out of books
Dirty men with their dirty looksTherapy for clones with their Barclay cards
Pension books and mortgage minds
Pay for this therapyWho needs this filthy room at night
Who says give up without a fight
Who gets their answers out of books
Dirty men with their dirty looksWhat d'you need in your room at night?
Therapy? That's right
What d'you get when you kill that light?
Therapy? That's rightWhat d'you get when it all goes wrong?
Therapy? That's right
Who needs therapy all night long?
I do, I dream of pavementsOf pavements cold and grey
Cheerful, laughter on a lovely day
I dream of pavements, they won't go away
I dream of pavements

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